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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, APRIL 17, 1902. NUMBER 7

JUST OUT.

THE NEW WORLD and THE NEW THOUGHT

BY REV. JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY, PH. D.

CONTENTS:

The Expansion of the Universe and the Enlargement of Faith.
The Sanction for Morality in Nature.
The Agnostic's Difficulties.
The Scientific Validity of our Religious Instincts.
Evolution and Christianity.
The Old Testament as Literature.
Christian Discipleship and Modern Life.
Modern Dogmatism and the Unbelief of the Age.
Union of the Churches in One Spiritual Household.

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Western Unitarian Conference

Fiftieth Anniversary May 6th, 7th and 8th, 1902 at the Church of Messiah, Chicago.

ABSTRACT OF PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH—Anniversary sermon Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON, MAY 7TH—Annual business meeting. Address of President, reports of Secretary and Treasurer, and informal discussion.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—Three historical papers, "The Birth," Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Brockton, Mass.; "The Renaissance," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; "The Period of Storm and Stress," Rev. Henry M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Platform meeting. Subject, "The Western Unitarian Conference." Speakers, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., Rev. Fred V. Hawley.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8TH—Annual meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, with addresses by Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston; Rev. R. W. Boynton, of St. Paul, and others.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON—Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Miss Low presiding. Addresses by Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, Mrs. David Utter, Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Mrs. Mary B. Davis and others.

At 4:30 p. m. closing business session of the Conference. At 6 p. m. banquet under the auspices of the Unitarian Club of Chicago, speakers to be announced.

For further particulars address

F. C. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1902. NUMBER 7

Sin, justice, fear, an angry Judge—with these we are on the lowest round of the ladder of truth.

How long the world dwelt there, and how many still look back regretful to those days!

One step higher and we find forgiveness and a Father.

For most men that is the last word, but we must press upward.

Beyond fatherhood and brotherhood we grope toward organic oneness—we dimly feel that God is palpitating, all-embracing love.

—*Ernest Crosby.*

The *Unitarian World,* published in London, gives the following names of the distinguished men and women that have recently died out of Unitarian ranks:

Admiral Sir George Elliot, heroic sailor, independent thinker, reverent and spiritual worshipper; Field Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, a brave soldier, a generous supporter of truth, liberty, and religion; Mr. William Rathbone, man of business, member of Parliament, educational reformer, philanthropist; Mr. P. W. Clayden, preacher, journalist, and friend of all progressive movements; Miss Caroline A. Martineau, head of a college for working men and women, a student of nature and a lover of mankind; Dr. G. Vance Smith, translator and interpreter of the Bible, New Testament reviser, and college tutor.

The Green Pine Tree printshop at Wausau, Wis., the source of so much exquisite printing, the home of the *"Philosopher,"* is erecting a log cabin and soon will be doing business under its own roof tree. For the erection of this cabin one hundred and fifty life subscriptions to this bright and tender little monthly at the rate of $10 each, is suggested. Those who believe in the industrial arts and want to belong to this fraternity of the beautiful, will want to belong to this band. We send our greetings and congratulations to the friends of the Green Pine Tree.

Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is leading a meat inspection crusade in that city. She asks the pertinent question: "Why should the United States be so solicitous concerning the sanitary condition of the meats we send to foreign countries while it exercises no supervision and seems indifferent to the quality of the food that is eaten by its own citizens?" Here, she wisely suggests, is something that comes unquestionably into the domain of woman. There are certain housekeeping problems of a municipal, state and national character that these divinely appointed housekeepers will do well to tend up to.

The custom of a good-will offering on Easter to and through the churches is a beautiful one and becoming more common. When the heart is gladdened by the new life of the returning spring, why should it not express itself in grateful self-denial. Three Episcopal churches in New York City are reported as averaging $10,000 each in the way of offerings. The "Brick Presbyterian" church of New York was entrusted with $80,000, while "Grace Church" represented $115,000, but we know of a little boy who searched his pockets for his two "candy pennies," whose offering may have outweighed all these thousands. It is never a question of how *much do you give?* but always a question of *how much have you left?*

We have frequently called attention to the ability and enterprise manifested in the *Unionist,* the parish paper of the First Congregational Church of Green Bay, Wisconsin. As indication of the good material found in these columns, we quote these sentences:

"Success is a severer test of manhood than defeat. It requires greater endurance to keep true on increased prosperity than in the face of adversity."

"Laymen as a rule do not realize the importance of church attendance. If they did they would not so often allow a cloud, a shower or a newspaper or a headache or a fit of laziness keep them at home. * * * A minister deserted by his representative men dies. He dies by inches. * * * Nothing will take the spring and snap out of a man as speaking on great themes to empty pews." * * *

"Dr. Gladden is quoted as saying, 'No despotic government on the face of the earth today possesses so much power over the economic welfare of the people as has been exercised by 100 men at the head of the great railway system of the United States.'"

The *Evangelist,* the able organ of progressive Presbyterianism in New York, recognizing the evolutionary trend of the newspaper, has taken the magazine form and the additional title of "Religious Review." We rejoice in this manifestation of enterprise and prosperity. It is one of the exchanges we would miss from our table. One of the interesting, significant elements, perhaps essential element in this growth and this progressiveness is found in the fact that the editor and proprietor is a woman, Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. But she presents not her work to the world as "Woman's work," but as Mrs. Browning would say, as "Work," and as such there is place for it. In any line of successful editors, let the men move down and make room for Mrs. Seymour Houghton of the *Evangelist.*

In the death of Dr. Horatio Stebbins, another dignified representative of American Unitarianism has passed on in the fullness of his eighty years. Dr. Stebbins was the successful successor of Thomas Starr King in California, in whose pulpit he stood erect, magnificent and stalwart as one of the pines of the Sierras until old age gently withdrew him. He died in the home of his son at Milton, Mass. Dr. Stebbins was a preacher of the old school, in manner scholastic, exact and sonorous in his matter, but he was a preacher of the new school practical, ethical, progressive, and what was still more significant, civic and patriotic. He preached citizenship. He belonged to his town. He was a factor to be reckoned with in his state, and was a valuable factor in his nation.

The *Advocate of Peace,* the dignified and able organ of the American Peace Society, published in Boston, we wish all our readers were on its subscription list, has an editorial in the April number entitled "Funstonism." In this article it is clearly shown that Funston carries the logic of war to its brutal conclusions. It says, referring to Funston's desire to hang for treason all those who in the United States have deplored and so far as in them lies, opposed the invasion of the United States into the islands of the seas: "This dictum of Funston is the very quintessence of tyranny of the old-fashioned Torquemada kind." The article further agrees with UNITY that Funston himself can do but little harm. In him "imperialistic militarism has gone to seed. The sad thing is the number of respectable and prominent citizens who stand by and applaud the coarse logic of the baron of the middle ages, and give their endorsement to that tissue of lies, forgeries and deceptions by which the Filipino leader was captured, as if such trickery and falsehood was among the most imperative commands of the moral law."

The phase of the British-Boer war that seems to receive the most consideration at the hands of those high in office, is the financial situation. So burdensome is the debt incurred and so pressing is the need for current funds that the proposition is deliberately made by the department of finance to place a wheat tax on breadstuffs, and it opposes an increase of the wine tax, for financial reasons, of course. The following figures, which we clip from a recent number of the *Christian Life,* a London paper, appear to have a grim relation to this problem somehow and somewhere. How and where we leave our readers to judge:

According to Dr. Dawson Burns's computation of the National Drink Bill, the country was slightly more sober last year than in 1900. We drank in 1901 £158,000,000 worth of intoxicating liquor; in 1900, the bill came to £160,800,000; so that the decrease was £2,700,000. The average consumption per head throughout the United Kingdom was £3 16s. 3d. worth; and, as usual, England shows the highest average, viz., £4 0s. 6d. per head, against £3 2s. 5d. in Scotland, and £2 17s. 10d. in Ireland. Dr. Dawson Burns calculates that the consumption of beer decreased in 1901 by 568,000 barrels, and that the consequent saving was £1,533,000. The London correspondent of *The Glasgow Herald* criticises this, and says that there is no decrease under the head of beer in the national expenditure, although there is a decrease in the national revenue. If this critic is correct on this and on other points, it means that the country has not shown itself more sober after all.

The Horace Bushnell Centenary.

One hundred years ago last Monday Horace Bushnell was born, an event of far more significance to the century that was to follow than can be realized by the young men and women of today. Even the reader of books and the student of records will find it difficult to account for the large place which Horace Bushnell made for himself in the thought and love of his contemporaries and the generation immediately succeeding. The explanation is not far to seek.

Horace Bushnell paid the penalty of being a preacher, and great preachers, like great actors, have no way of prolonging themselves. Unlike the painter, the sculptor or the architect the works of the actor and the preacher do largely die with them, so far as any outward record of their work is concerned. Scarcely less difficult is it to realize the power, or to understand the love enkindled by Forrest, the Booths, or any of the great men of the stage than it is to realize the power of Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Spurgeon, Bushnell and Theodore Parker by those who never came within the spell of their influence. The sentences of Henry Ward Beecher that thrilled the multitude like shocks from an electric battery are tame and oftentimes commonplace when sought on the printed page, while even the great thought discourses of Bushnell and Theodore Parker are, we suspect, little read in these days.

But, in addition to this evanescent power of the pulpit, Bushnell has paid the penalty of the pioneer. He was the brave picket on the outpost of theological progress, destined to be not simply overtaken, but overreached by the slow moving line that followed after him. He represented a transitional phase of thought. He was too late for the old, too early for the new. He labored heroically to build a system of theological thought, which was no sooner reared than it was outgrown. Mr. Bushnell belonged to the benignant line of reconcilers who tried to adjust the old doctrines to the new science, to carry the new wine in the old bottles. And what a benignant line it was; Maurice, Robertson, Stanley, in England; Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and their associates in this country. How heroically Bushnell set himself to this task is indicated by the titles of these volumes that were so potential when published, which are so neglected today: "Nature and the Supernatural," "Christian Nurture," "The Vicarious Sacrifice," "God in Christ," etc., etc.

We have said that the evidence of Bushnell's power is hard to find, but this is only superficially true. It relates only to the coarser and more tangible evidences. His great work is magnificently testified to by the mellowed and mellowing theological spirit of today, by the disintegration of dogma, the independence from creeds, the growing passion of helpfulness, the ever increasing success of religion in expressing itself in terms of sociological sympathies and helpfulness rather than theological exclusiveness and dogmatic harshness.

The spirit, and to a large degree the letter, of Horace Bushnell's teachings dominate, we suspect, the classrooms of all the great theological seminaries in our land. It would not be difficult for the close student of history to show that Horace Bushnell was a great commoner in religion. He pulled down the fences or constructed stiles so that one could readily cross over from one side to the other where they could not be pulled down. Horace Bushnell, more than any other one man was the father of what is now falsely called "new Orthodoxy." It had better be called the "non-orthodoxy," for the word and the spirit of orthodoxy imply finalities in religion and dogmatic essentials in piety and in salvation, which is denied by all those who inherit the spirit and enjoy the teaching of Horace Bushnell. Just as truly as Channing and Parker, Horace Bushnell was a prophet of liberal religion in America. On the negative side he was scarcely less iconoclastic than these men. On the affirmative side he

was as appreciative and more hospitable, perhaps, than these, for he found it possible to save more of the spirit and what is more, the historical continuity of organized Christianity than did Channing or Parker.

But the influence of Bushnell is manifested in the sociological development of religion as well as in the theological disintegration of religion. Edwin D. Mead in an appreciative review of T. T. Munger's life of Bushnell, which appeared some two years ago, says: "How large a citizen was Horace Bushnell? How important was his contribution to the civic life of his town, his state and his country. Mr. Mead calls Mr. Bushnell's "The Age of Homespun," the centennial sermon of Litchfield County, Conn., as the prose counterpart of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Snowbound." His "Our Obligations to the Day," a Yale commemoration address, the prose counterpart of Lowell's Commemoration Ode; and he compares his "The True Wealth or Weal of Nations" to Charles Sumner's "The True Grandeur of Nations," which appeared eight years afterward. Sumner's address was a powerful arraignment of militarism, Bushnell's of Mammonism. In this address as quoted by Mead, he says: "It can be shown from unquestionable data that the fashionable extravagances in our people, such as really transcends their means to a degree that is not respectable, theatrical amusements known to be only corrupt and vulgar in character, together with intemperate drinking and all the idleness, crime, pauperism and scandal, have aggregated since we began our history no less than three or four times the total wealth of the nation." In this address he told a prosperous man that he would give from $10 to $20 for a few hours of service of a cheap sort of lawyer, and begrudge $1 or $2 from his own pocket for a whole winter's work of the teacher on the mind of his son. It was Horace Bushnell that made classic the phrase: "The moral uses of dark things." In his "Growth of Law" he prophesied the day when war would be rendered impossible, if not by international code, then by the progress of intelligence, the day when it would be impossible for a few reckless politicians to give prowess to those "whose bravery consists in marching others into danger." Concerning the fugitive slave law, Mr. Bushnell prayed for grace "never to do the damning sin of obeying it." He considered it the first duty of civil government to "violate and spurn such a law."

Dr. Bartol is quoted in Dr. Munger's book as writing: "Mr. Bushnell had it in him to be an artist, architect, road builder, a city builder as well as a scholar, and well is your Hartford Park called by his name." As a matter of fact he did plan houses, contrive furnaces, devise drainage schemes and project park systems. During a California visit he did much towards laying the foundation of the state university. He selected its site and was invited to become its first president. A Hartford minister at the time of his death ventured to say "Bushnell lies back of all that is best in the city." He quickened the men who have made Hartford what it is." Now that the great loving heart and clear mind of the great preacher have been silenced for twenty-six years, and we stand at the hundredth anniversary of his birth, may we not change the word "city" in this sentence to "country"? Surely, the subordination of dogma to ethics in religion marks the noblest achievements of religion during this century, and to this end no man wrought more mightily than the author of "Christian Nurture." This is the great preacher whom Donald G. Mitchell describes as the preacher who "constructed Jacob's ladder as of old, on which angels might come and go with healing in their wings."

The Passing of a Hero.

He is not dead; he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
—*Shelley's Adonais.*

All day long they stood; all day long in the rain.

Bitter, bitter Chicago! As if, even in his death she would scourge by her lowering clouds the men who dared to love him.

Oppression, Falsehood, Compromise, Cowardice, breathed more freely; for in the great north corridor of the Chicago Public Library John P. Altgeld, friend of the common people, lay upon his bier. The great rock against which the waves of Corruption in High Places had beaten so long in vain had crumbled into clay at last.

All day long they stood, in imperceptibly moving line; the common people; care-worn, toil-stained, wet to their thinly-covered skins, men and women and children together, waiting to look upon the dead face of the man who had borne their troubles in his heart, a heart great enough to know, and to understand.

As they turned away, in men and women alike, shining, in some, through tears, there was a look of dignity that was impressive, awful, as if by that one look his spirit had caressed them, had raised them for the instant to the height of his own towering manhood.

Bitter, bitter Chicago!

The morning came and with it the March wind, bleak and raw and shuddering cold, chilling the very marrow.

Yet the great crowd surged.

No uniform was there; no glint of steel, no plume of military pomp. It was the burial of a man of peace.

Onward the long procession; no troop of horse; no glittering carriage wheels. Tramp, tramp of the people—only that; beside the music of the marching band.

Governors there were, and judges there were, and greater men than these though but obscure, marching shoulder to shoulder in the biting wind, following the body to its resting place.

The great, gloomy palaces of the Lake Shore Drive, the dwellings of the rich, frowned down upon the wind-swept mall; but never a marcher's step there came, nor strain from the marcher's band. Far to the west, past the dwellings of the poor, the great procession was moving; against the broken panes of the tenement windows were pressed the faces blanched with awe and wet with tears.

The people's friend was passing; passing to his grave.

No longer would the Auditorium ring with those mighty sentences which lifted up the hearts of the lowly—that must be left to other voices now. No longer would they know that quiet hand clasp; that halo-smile which lighted the sad face as it looked upon those who sought his consolation.

The people's friend was dead.

The bleak wind moaned through the leafless trees that bowed above his grave. All about it flowers were

strewn. Those who bore the casket tread upon a carpet of roses.

At the pit's head stood the traveler of the night's contemplation, and another traveler—and many other travelers thronged about. It was most bitter cold.

A word or two; a sigh or two, and a song; and the people turned back again to take their lives' tasks up.

Each was better, each was nobler and more kind, because this man had lived; because his inextinguishable spirit yet lives to animate and to sustain and to comfort those who in this night of industrial slavery and social darkness see the glory of the coming day.

"He never fought with hope to win—
No—it is finer when 'tis all in vain.
Laurel and rose were snatched away,
But one thing he took with him when
He crossed the threshold of God's house;
One thing, without wrinkle, without spot—
His stainless soldier's crest."

—From the Socialist Spirit for April.

Softly Woo Away Her Breath.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!
She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever-evermore!

—Barry Cornwall.

Correspondence.

EDITORS OF UNITY: A great deal of interest and discussion has been excited by the article in McClure's for March, in which Mr. Carl Snyder gives a popular description of some of the experiments made by Professor Loeb, of Chicago Univeristy. Professor Loeb is investigating the phenomena of life from the standpoint of physics and chemistry, and the editor of the magazine assures us that this account of his work is reliable and authoritative.

Specialists in the same line of research may differ perhaps as to the originality of his work or the exact significance of his experiments. The average layman will not be disposed to criticise his methods or question his conclusions, so long as he confines himself to inductive or experimental science in one branch of which we have every reason to consider him an authority. In so far as he has enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, and has initiated a line of research which will throw new light on the problems of biology or physiology, he is a public benefactor; and we should all rejoice in his success and wish him God-speed in his work.

But Professor Loeb's enthusiasm over his discoveries has evidently tempted him to leave his own special field of experimental science for an occasional excursion into the dubious borderland of metaphysical theory. He is quoted as saying: "The forces which rule in the realm of living things are not other than those which we know in the inanimate world." Many will interpret this statement to mean that the origin and perpetuation of life can be fully explained by the action upon matter of heat, light, electricity and the other physical and chemical forces. This is the very sum and substance of materialism. It is a revival of the old theory of spontaneous generation which has been so often exploded.

Is there really anything in Professor Loeb's discoveries to "give aid or comfort" to materialism? He claims to have demonstrated by experiment that the reproductive cell or egg with which each individual life begins can be developed by chemical fertilization (parthenogenesis). In other words he claims to prove that of the two factors heretofore considered necessary to the reproduction of life, only one is really essential, and that an artificial substitute can be found for the other. But he is not reported as having manufactured a cell or egg in his laboratory. He does not appear to intimate the possibility that such a cell can ever be produced by artificial means.

Professor Loeb has shown by other experiments that the contraction of the muscles, including that important muscle known as the heart, depends upon the electrical forces generated by the chemical solutions in which the muscles are immersed. In fact, the general trend of his experiments is to show the important part played by electricity in all life-action.

But it does not follow that electricity and life are identical. Millions of years ago, before the appearance of any form of plant or animal life on the earth, even before the first appearance of protoplasm from which evolutionists tell us all life has been developed, the chemical and physical forces were in operation. Then, as now, electric currents played around the surface of the earth. Is it conceivable that electricity or any other blind physical force could have proceeded to organize matter so as to create all the forms of life that have since appeared on our planet? Is it conceivable that consciousness, intelligence, sympathy and righteousness, human nature at its best and highest, could have been developed in any period of time from ordinary force and matter? Can the stream rise higher than its source? In that remote period of the past, must we not assume that, in some mysterious way, life, intelligence and purpose were inherent in the universe and potentially present on our planet? We may either say that the potency of life has existed eternally in matter and physical energy, or we may prefer to say that the various forms of physical force are only modifications of Life, the great primal force, "the eternal energy from which all things proceed." In either case, we cannot escape the conclusion that the universe is Divine.

Biology is an incomplete science, and the genesis of the existing forms of life is shrouded in mystery, but it is safe to say that the present trend of scientific thought in the field of biology is away from materialism. It is very generally believed that life can come only from life. In 1901, the Smithsonian Institution published an address by Professor Hertwig, of the University of Berlin, on "The Growth of Biology in the Nineteenth Century," in which I find the following significant statement:

"It may be broadly said that, in spite of all the progress of science, the chasm between living and lifeless nature, instead of gradually closing up, has, on the contrary, become deeper and wider. More thorough study, aided by philosophical intuition, teaches year by year more distinctly that the cell, that elementary bed-rock of living nature, is far from being a peculiar chemical giant molecule, or living albumen, and as such destined to become the subject of the chemistry of the future."

W. D. MACKENZIE.

Washington, D. C., April 6, 1902.

The School as a Social Center.

By Frederick W. Coburn.

The so-called "school community idea"—the phrase is one that has been frequently heard in recent educational discussions—stands for a rough and ready sociological doctrine, to which a large number of practical educators have come to give allegiance. Public school superintendents and normal school presidents refer to it in their annual reports, the educational journals are devoting much space to it, and experiments are being conducted in different sections of this country that were consciously inspired by it. True, it is that the meaning of the phrase is still a little hazy; that no general agreement as to the connotation of the term has been reached. Doubtless one man sees in the theory one set of consequences, another quite a different set. Dr. John Dewey, Mr. Ossian Lang, Col. F. W. Parker, Mr. S. T. Dutton and a score of others have each his own conception of the idea. No definite course of action and agitation has been laid out. The movement is in the air; but it is already a movement. People are consciously working toward a goal which they may not all clearly discern, but which exists as a real, ultimate object of endeavor. Believing thoroughly in the possibility of extending the functions of the common school, of socializing public education and enthusiastically desiring to magnify their calling, schoolmen are loudly claiming the right to do at the school house things which are at present performed elsewhere or left undone. They hold that in this country, as in France, the words of Jean Mace are justified: "The humble pedagogue has become the man of the hour." In their idea they see immense possibilities of social reorganization, the attainment of which will make directly for the peace and prosperity of humanity.

It seems worth while to attempt a brief, tentative presentation of the case of these enthusiastic school men—of the program which they appear to be making out, of the arguments they use, of the answers with which they meet current objections. Whether their propositions will meet with support, whether their special pleading will be finally approved in the court of public opinion, does not of course immediately concern us. It is a matter of human interest that a large body of thinking and energetic men consider thus and so.

A short statement will serve to reveal the comprehensiveness of the "school community" scheme. No ordinary innovation, no change in methods of teaching or new plan of school organization is purposed. Nothing short of a reconstruction of society; a new alignment of the social as opposed to the merely industrial forces; the extension of the educational "group;" the realization of some of the fundamental conceptions of philosophical anarchism, together with the application of special socialistic features—this is what is said to be implied in "school community;" this the outcome of the present day development of systems of evening instruction, free public lectures, play centers, vacation classes, evening trade classes, agricultural extension, school libraries, school improvement societies. Nothing revolutionary, but much that is evolutionary is foreboded—no regulation of trusts, no interference with laws of supply and demand, no elimination of competition, no substitution of altruism for selfishness, but a wide movement in the direction of educational and social democracy, a new consecration of the common school, a thoroughgoing recognition of the truth that "education is the working of all forces that fashion a man during the plastic years, before his habits become fixed and his character determined."

In the realization of this conception the elementary school house is to be assumed as a neighborhood center. It constitutes, so the educational people maintain, the ideal unit of segregation in a democracy. In most communities of the United States it is already the school of the whole people; in all it might be made so. A certain amount of local affection it has—more, perhaps, than it deserves, considering the slightness of its appeal to the emotional, the spiritual and esthetic sides of man's disposition. If graduates of P. S. No. 89, New York City, or of the Paul Revere grammar school, Boston, continue through life to regard their common school *alma mater* with love and respect, much keener would their feelings be if after graduation they should still meet regularly at the old school house for purposes of learning or enjoyment. In the school community of the future, the great public educational plants of the country will not be dark and unutilized during a majority of the hours of the year. They will rather be open night and day, offering means of instruction and recreation to the whole people, children and adults. To them will repair alike those whom enlightened selfishness prompts to come and get and those whom desire to do good urges to come and give. The school houses of today are not being worked to the limit of their capacity. Their floor space is not made sufficiently profitable. As social centers they will serve many purposes now not even contemplated. Every kind of desirable post-scholastic education will be provided for and the school rooms made attractive beyond their present wont, will, when not otherwise in use, be at the disposal of regularly accredited organizations. The school will be also a club, to which each individual in society will normally belong, with duties and privileges which as a good citizen he may not neglect. At each school center it would be natural to have a paid secretary, or secretaries, who will look after the enrollment of all residents of the district, the establishment and assignment of proper classes and lecture courses, the organization of neighborhood fraternities, of athletic associations. There will thus be found at the school house for every citizen of decent tastes and likings, social and educational societies to which he can belong with profit and delight. Entertainments, both of amateur and of professional character, will be numerously given—the former, it has been suggested, to give delight to the performers, the latter to the audiences. Systems of evening lectures have already been inaugurated at school centers in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and elsewhere. The next step will be free art exhibitions, for with the steady inflow of Raphaels and Botticellis and Gainsboroughs to the private galleries of this country we are rapidly becoming a nation distinguished for our art treasures; and it will presently be recognized as an obligation of ownership not to keep great masterpieces forever hidden from public view, but to allow them occasionally to be loaned for open exhibition. What more fitting place for such art shows than the school center, the common resort of all classes of citizens? And not only the works of masters of other days and other lands, but local artists might well, under right restrictions, be given the freedom of the school room walls for temporary or permanent exhibition. A start in this direction has already been made in the schools of Salem, Massachusetts, where Mr. Ross Turner and other artists have contributed from their work to the adornment of the school room walls.

Various other typical activities that might be gathered at the school house have been suggested. Many are already pursued among school children; to bring in adults will not be difficult. Societies for the cultivation of music, arts and crafts, local history, bot-

any, chemistry, electricity, amateur photography, typography—whatever subjects several people in a neighborhood are interested in, may be followed out in co-operation and under competent guidance.

Even charity associations would find their natural center at the school house. The right of the school to concern itself with the conditions prevailing in families of its district is coming to be pretty generally conceded, since it is merely a matter of prevention of economic waste that the presence in the class room of anaemic, under-fed and badly clothed children shall not be tolerated. Every pupil who on account of lack of vitality cannot live up to his educational opportunities represents a serious waste of public money. Education is not merely an affair of getting children together and teaching them during a few hours such and such arithmetic and grammar; the question of the physical state in which they come to school is inseparably connected with that of the kind and amount of instruction they can stand. How much actual interference with home affairs will ever be allowed it is hard to say; but it seems not unreasonable to predict that in the school community the educational authorities will at least endeavor to keep in touch with the families of the district, knowing pretty accurately their financial circumstances and way of living, and rendering assistance where help is plainly required, and not necessarily in every case waiting until help is asked. The number of families will not in an ordinary district be so large but that a competent secretary can discover where real merit exists and where pretense of need deserves to be exposed. And that is something that very many of the excellent charitable organizations of today are quite unable to accomplish.

Each school district, then, is to be a unit, educational, social, and to a certain extent, political. Something corresponding to the parish organization of early New England is evidently contemplated. The relationship between districts will be of a sort to preserve a great deal of local autonomy for each. In fact, the school community, according to the thought of Mr. Ossian Lang, editor of the *School Journal*, and probably the most persistent advocate of the idea, looks away from strict state control of education in the direction of district and individual initiative, so that courses of action pursued in one community need not be duplicated in every other; so that it may never be possible in this country, as in France, for a minister of public instruction, drawing out his watch, to announce that every child in the country is at such a minute doing a certain set of examples in square root. School community, in brief, leads away from state socialism. Its promoters are, for the most part, pronounced individualists. They argue for an extension of the functions of education, but not of educational system. They would leave to each school district the largest possible liberty to conduct its classes and its social functions in its own way, in accordance with local requirements, only maintaining among districts such general similarity that individuals could pass readily from one district to another, carrying with them letters and certificates by which their tastes and qualifications may be foreknown.

To what extent present tendencies are in this direction of educational advance it would be difficult to estimate with accuracy. The most enthusiastic "school communists" are ready to claim every pedagogical breeze, as blowing their way. They admit, however, that arguments have been brought to bear upon their theories and that fears are being expressed by people of educational prominence* lest the school house, if elevated to the dignity of social center, will usurp functions which more rightly are exercised by other institutions. The school has always had a definite, narrow purpose. Why not continue to perfect its mechanism for the attainment of its present ends? Have not teachers already enough to do?

Specific opposition has been felt from some who see in the school center a menace to the welfare of the church. If the social life of each neighborhood in city and village comes to have its focus in an educational institution; if there one will find a variety of associations for study, self-improvement and innocent amusement; if there an accurate record will be kept, a sort of "man-study," which will be the logical outcome of "child-study," of the life history of all the inhabitants of the district, their tastes consulted, their needs and wants ministered to—then plainly much of the business of the churches will be drawn away. The time that the average man can give to avocations is limited; if the school house encroaches upon this, where will the church sociable come in? In many American communities the social energies of practically the entire people are directed by the churches. Why should the school arrogate to itself functions that are already performed by the church?

"Of no functions that the church is best fitted to perform," says the school community advocate; "but of any that the school can better exercise. Co-operation, not competition, between the two will have to be assured. Of neither is it the natural business to open billiard parlors or to offer audience room for amateur minstrel shows. The functions of the school are normally pedagogical; of the church, religious. Either may properly turn the social instincts to account, for the accomplishment of its ends, but each has its legitimate field of effort, to be carefully delimited in course of time. Educators cannot afford to incur the hostility of so educational an institution as the church. Conciliation, adjustment must be relied upon to bring about harmony. All its activities that directly subserve religious ends the church will naturally retain; any that have been undertaken as a makeshift simply because the public schools are as yet unable to conduct them ought ultimately to be transferred where they belong."

Further contention might be to the effect that the churches of today do not, perhaps cannot, afford sufficiently popular "groups." There are great areas of our cities in which one church to twenty-five or thirty thousand people is the average. Only a small percentage of the whole population of the country is represented by the church membership. The number of the irreligious is everywhere very large, and probably not decreasing. Intense prejudices are leveled against some churches and against all churches which could not possibly be directed against the school house. We have no body of religious doctrine to which we subscribe universally, but of the importance of education we are pretty generally covinced. The churches ought to be pleased rather than chagrined at a movement of which the effect is to raise the level of public intelligence and morality. In the beneficent work of social organization at the school house the Christian ministry will take a prominent part, encouraging and assisting every excellent enterprise and gaining standing for itself by frequently assuming the role of leadership. The school center will in fact offer to the minister a rare opportunity to come into contact with every condition of man. His church pews will not be emptied by the devotion of his people to educational and cultural ideals; he will, on the contrary, find his parishioners more receptive to spiritual influences.

The only other institution besides the church with which the school house would seem likely to compete is the saloon, much of the popularity of which, as the "poor man's club," would be removed. That this loss

* e. g., by Mr. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

would be a gain to humanity will be pretty generally conceded.

Probably the strongest objection, the one which, if valid, trips up the whole school community scheme; which, if invalid, deserves to be assailed with all possible vigor, is the one raised by people who believe the plan to be subversive of proper social and professional distinctions. It is the old question, if the occupation should be allowed to make the man. An extreme expression of the caste view of this question was recently made to the writer by a well known New York educator, who asked:

"Why should I spend my evening hours at a school house in association with all the other people of this block, most of whom have no interests in common with me? My business is to teach philosophy to classes of young men. The business of most of my neighbors is to make money. Incidentally they are nearly all richer than I, or live as though they were. Their notions of self-improvement, of diversion, are not my notions. Why should we meet at a common center, simply because we happen to live in the same street? My personal thought of social reorganization is that we shall presently revert to something of the guild system, dropping the farce of geographical representation. I would have the physicians of this city brought together in an efficient society, with arrangements for social intercourse, with proper political representation in the municipal assemblies, the state legislature, and in the national congress. Similarly there would be guilds of the bankers, the builders, the artists, the typothetae, and all the rest. Briefly, I would establish groups, in which there should prevail community of tastes, based upon similarity of life work. You will have difficulty in securing any continuous union of people who happen to live within a stone's throw of the same school house, but who are otherwise without reasons for coming together. Especially is this true in districts where great differences of wealth and social position exist."

That more strength inheres in this caste argument than should be the case in a democracy will have to be admitted. In the great cities and in some of the rural districts of this country the tendency has always existed to judge a man not by what he is, but by what he does for a living, and by the amount of money he gets out of it. Yet three distinct counter-arguments are to be submitted:

In the first place, it is extremely doubtful if the spirit of caste exclusiveness is growing among us. It was certainly more evident a century ago than now. Occupations that then were regarded as menial may today be engaged in without social disgrace. Money has probably lost nothing of its determining importance, but caste certainly has. An effort to draw tighter the lines between occupations; to keep lawyers in social and political affiliations, as well as in professional, only with lawyers, grocers only with grocers, would meet with little favor anywhere. The modern world has discovered that personal acquaintance and friendship with a great variety of men is a valuable business and professional asset.

Again, it is not true that the school community scheme fails to make provision for the consort of those of similar tastes. Its success will depend upon the commingling of those whose likings are similar. Co-operation between one school district and another will make possible exchange of talent, and there will assuredly be opportunities even for professors of philosophy to get together.

Finally, cultivation of tastes which hardly existed before will be a necessary duty of the school community. Men and women will derive new capacities, fresh outlook upon life from their school house pursuits. Possibilities of individual growth will be exploited. The caste theory of society is founded upon a supposedly static condition of the adult human intellect. Each being has become fitted to a groove from which he may not deviate. Because a man has learned the trade of bricklayer he is supposed to lay bricks, to eat and sleep, to play with his children on holidays and go to church on Sunday, until death comes—all this, which is right and necessary, and, what is not right or necessary, nothing more. The poet is to do nothing but write verses, the merchant to drive bargains, the minister to preach sermons, and all to get their social standing from the kind, not the quality of work they do, in accordance with an arbitrary social scale.

The school community belief is that each of these men will do better his daily tasks for meeting with the others frequently in congenial avocations. Many as are the limitations set upon the individual by heredity it is not necessary that his capacity for further growth be contracted almost to a fixed status when he becomes settled in his life work. It may, on the contrary, be almost indefinitely distended by exercises and pursuits of an educational character. It is further particularly needful in these days of almost automatic machinery that the social activities of men and women should be utilized by the educator, since the daily work of the majority of people is no longer of a sort to develop their highest capabilities. The gain to production through subdivision of labor has of necessity been attended with a fearful sacrifice of educational values, such that the need is strikingly apparent of giving people out of working hours every possible oportunity to engage in tasks they really like and upon which they may expend their best powers of creation and initiative.

Doubtless many other objections to school community will have to be faced. The attitude of a small but very influential portion of our population is distinctly hostile to the common schools, and, according to Professor Hugo Munsterberg, this class is increasing rapidly. The indifference of a much larger class who cheerfully admit all the stock platitudes about the "palladium of American liberty," but who do nothing to prevent the violation of the goddess within the temple at the hands of political marauders, is always to be reckoned with. Then, too, school extension is bound to cost money, even if it is brought about, as it must be, step by step. The burdens of taxation are already heavy in most municipalities and, naturally, but unfortunately, heaviest in the very communities which are not inclined to experiment in educational directions. None of these objections constitutes a logical argument against the scheme, which may be, abstractly considered, of surpassing merit; but they all represent very real hindrances which have got to be removed.

All that the ambitious "school community" men can hope for at present is that special features of their plan will continue to be developed by the New York City Board of Education, the School Improvement League of Maine, the Brookline Education Society, the Chicago Teachers' Federation, the New England Education League and various other agencies which are helping to socialize education; and that the broad general plan itself will be discussed by thinking people within and without their profession. If the use of the school as a social center is feasible and will be in the main advantageous to the nation, then the entire body of half a million teachers ought to be encouraged to work consciously for the accomplishment of the end. Education today is sadly in need of a unifying purpose, of an ultimate aim of endeavor. Intense activity without apparent direction is everywhere to be no-

ticed. The upbuilding of the school community would give definiteness to the educator's labors.

If, on the other hand, this is only another Utopian scheme, one that will not hold practically, then the weakness of it should be exposed before the delusion has been spread further. Enough vain dreams of social regeneration we have already had.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Henry Bourland.*

Another historical novel about the civil war and reconstruction—this time from a Southern standpoint. The author says in the preface that he was bred in the North, but we venture to surmise that the atmosphere of his mind at least comes from somewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, although to do him justice, he has striven valiantly for impartiality. "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

For instance, we doubt whether any daughter of a cultivated and reputable Northern physician ever regarded a proposal for her hand from a Southern gentleman as a condescension on his part "because the Southerners are so aristocratic, you know!"

Again, the would-be Northern note rings false when the author relates complacently the act of his hero in deliberately hunting and shooting dead a negro who had frightened his wife; his fury being avowedly heightened by its being a "dirty black nigger" that did it, and no account being taken of the fact that the negro was a free man who had a short time before been savagely whipped by the murderer. These things seem to indicate the incurable astigmatism of the Southern mind where negroes are concerned.

Barring this perhaps inevitable one-sidedness, this is a good story, well told: and if it fails to carry our passionate pity for the brave defeated to the point of righteous indignation against the conquerors, it is probably that as regards the latter, "part of which we were" like pious Eneas; and then again we are too near the period of conflict for either party to be able to judge dispassionately. Perhaps we are waiting for an American Shakespeare to arise who shall burn up the prejudices of both sides in the fire of his genius, and by the magic of his minstrelsy, make the warring of corn and palmetto as unreal to us as are now the colors of the rival roses gathered by Suffolk and Warwick in the Temple garden, so long ago. C. S. K.

* Henry Bourland, by Albert Elmer Hancock. The Macmillan Co. New York. $1.50.

The Problem of Pain and Evil in the Light of Evolution.

From a Sermon by Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

The fierce struggle for life went on until man came on the scene. It built his body; but it could not build his soul. For that there must be wholly new agencies, and the new agencies came. That beautiful struggle for the life of others began, which has endowed the human race with sympathy, care, usefulness and love, and which will not cease till all the sorrows and pains that afflict humanity are cured.

Doubtless the philosophy of evolution needs, to complete it, the thought of immortality, to carry the process begun here in the individual on and up to its full consummation in another life, and also to make good any possible injustices that may not have been set right in this world. I believe that immortality is the legitimate and necessary goal and crown of evolution.

Of course it is open to men to say if they wish, that God might have found some better plan for creating and carrying on the world than that of evolution. But what ground is there for so saying? Certain it is that the thought of the development of the world under law has been the one illuminating conception of our century, shedding light everywhere. Not least illuminating has been its light upon the problem of evil. By showing us that the world is not made, but making, and that even man is far from finished. The thought of evolution lets us see that much which we have called evil is not evil. It is only incompleteness. It is a building in process of erection. It is an engine with one part making here, another there, another yonder. By and by the parts will be gathered together into a whole! then we shall see their meaning. Evolution says wait; have faith; God has plenty of time; the consummation will appear, largely in this world, fully in another.

I believe that Lowell saw deep below the surface of things, deep into the heart of reality, when he wrote:

> "All of God's angels come to us disguised.
> Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death;
> One after other lift their frowning mask;
> And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
> All radiant with the glory and the calm
> Of having looked upon the front of God."

I believe there is nothing to disprove, but everything to support, that most beautiful, most profound, most inspiring philosophy that ever came to the mind of man, that we all and the world are in the hands of One who has both the wisdom and the goodness to plan the best of things, and the power to carry them out.

Who Kills the Birds?

> Who kills the birds?
> "I," said the Woman, "although 'tis inhuman,
> I must have dead birds."
> Who sees them die?
> "I," said the Man, "whenever I can,
> For my sport they must die."
> Who tolls the bell?
> "I," said the Boy, "I love to destroy,
> I toll the bell."
> Who digs their graves?
> "I," said the Girl, "for a feather's neat curl
> I'd dig their graves."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> So the men and the boys by the woodland and streams;
> And the women and girls, with their hats like (bad) dreams,
> Are robbing the earth of its bird life and song,
> With never a thought of their rights, and our wrong.
> But, isn't it strange, if their hearts have no pity
> For the poor little birds in the country and city,
> They never remember that some summer day
> Not a bird can be found that a human can slay?
> Why, what will become of the boys and the men,
> Who can't shoot at birds, for there'll be no birds then?
> And as for the women and girls of that day,
> With their featherless bonnets, and hats in array,
> 'Tis dreadful to think what their sorrow will be,
> And yet it is something I'd much like to see.
> For it's certainly true, and the truth must be said,
> If we kill all the birds, all the birds will be dead.
>
> *Mary Drummond, in Oakfield Eagle.*

Two Faithful Shepherd Dogs.

A. M. Holter, of Helena, Mont., who is largely interested in the cattle and sheep industry in that state, says that last October a cold spell killed several sheepherders in the Great Falls district, one of whom was taking care of Mr. Holter's flocks. At that time two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 deg. below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained; but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency.—*Portland Oregonian.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXVII.

The Death of Moses.

It was almost forty years now since the Children of Israel had crossed the Red Sea and come into the Wilderness. The time was drawing near when they were to be allowed to go over the River Jordan and enter the Land of Canaan. But this could not take place while Moses was alive. Aaron, however, who had been guilty of the same wrong conduct as Moses, had died some time before.

Moses was now an old man of some one hundred and twenty years. He felt that he could not live much longer. The story of his death is something we shall always be interested to remember. He was never to be allowed to enter the Promised Land; yet he had been so strong and so brave and so true all these years, save for the one time when he forgot himself, that the Lord over All thought at any rate he would let Moses take one look into that beautiful country.

At first Moses gathered as many people together as could hear him, and talked to them. In a quiet way he began to tell them all that had taken place since the time when he had led them out of Egypt from the Red Sea. I can fancy how the tears must have come into his eyes again and again as he went on speaking, and the memories of those struggles came back to him one after another.

He reminded them of how the Red Sea had been driven back so that they could cross safely; then again, how when they were hungry and starving, they had found the manna growing as food everywhere in the Wilderness; how when they were thirsty, they would come from time to time upon springs. He reminded them above all, how selfish they had been in their complaining in former times; how they had always kept talking about the flesh pots of Egypt and wishing to return there in spite of the slavery. He reminded them of the time when they had had their first battle, and how he had stood on that hill and held up his hand that they might take courage and go on and fight bravely and win; and how he had remained on that hill from dawn till the setting of the sun, when they won their victory. He told them again of the time when they grew impatient of the food they had, and wanted the same as they had had in Egypt, and how when the quails had been sent they had given themselves over to greed, and how they had been made sick because of their want of self-restraint. He reminded them how like children they had acted, and how long it had been before they were ready to enter the Promised Land. He told them once more of the time when they had sent spies into Canaan, thinking that they would soon enter that land; and how, when the spies came back with that cluster of grapes and told them about the giants over there, how they lost courage again and wanted to return to Egypt and their flesh pots, and how, for this reason their fathers and mothers had been punished by the decree that none of those who had been over twenty years old when they left Egypt should ever enter the Land. Then he told them about his own wrong conduct; and as he came to this point, his voice was shaking and tears came to his eyes, so that only those who were near to him could hear what he was saying. He was reminding them of the time when he was proud and boastful, and why he could never enter that Promised Land. Then he went on to speak of the Ten Commandments written on Mount Sinai on the two tables of stone, and how they had been given to the people to be preserved in the ark. Then he told them how they were to act, and what they were to do, and how they should be a true, brave people and obey the laws, if they ever expected to be prosperous and happy.

But there was one thing more, Moses had to do. He knew it would not do to leave them without a leader—some one who might take his place. Long before, the Lord over All had told him that he was to make Joshua the leader in his place, when he came to die. And so now at the end of his long talk he calls Joshua to him—the brave man, you remember, who had come back from the land of Canaan and felt so ashamed when the people of Israel were afraid about the giants.

Then Moses laid his hand on Joshua's head, and told the people that they were to follow Joshua as their leader, and Joshua should guide them across the Jordan; and as he said this he pointed to the Promised Land. These were his last words to them: "I am one hundred and twenty years old this day; I can no more go out and come in; and the Lord hath said to me that I should not go over the Jordan; but he will go there before thee, and Joshua shall lead thee, as the Lord hath said. Be strong and of good courage; fear not, and the Lord will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

And he ended with those words to Joshua: "Be strong and of good cheer, for thou shalt go with these people into the land which the Lord hath promised to their fathers, and thou shalt cause them to inherit it. The Lord will go with thee, he will be with thee and will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Fear not; neither be dismayed."

It was a long, long talk he gave the people, and I am sure they had listened in order to hear every word of it. Then at last, as he came to the end, he knew that the time had come when he should die.

And so the Ruler of the World told him to depart from the people and to go to the top of a high mountain called Mount Nebo. And then Moses went away, all alone, and climbed painfully and slowly to the top of the mountain, which is sometimes called Mount Pizgah. It was a high mountain, much higher than any other mountains round about; and it was close by the River Jordan, so that from the top of the mountain Moses was told to look down; and there stretched out before him lay the Promised Land, the land which had been promised to Abraham and to Isaac and to Jacob.

Then the Lord said to Moses: "This is the land which I promised to Abraham and to Isaac and to Jacob; I will give it unto thy people; now I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go there." And Moses gazed and gazed at the beautiful country for a long, long time, thinking of the future and of what might happen to the Children of Israel whom he had been leading about for forty years in that Wilderness.

He hoped that their trials had come to an end. He knew he deserved the punishment that had come upon him; and he was only too glad that he had been allowed to look into the country far away, the Land of Canaan. As he stood there on the mountain he came to his end, and was buried there—how or what way, we do not know, because, as we are told, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day." Moses was one hundred and twenty years old when he died, and his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated.

And so we close the life of the great leader of the children of Israel, Moses.

To the Teacher: This lesson should also involve a complete review of the life of Moses, going back over each lesson and the "Memory Verses" throughout the whole of Part III. Show a picture of Mount Nebo—also a photograph of the "Moses" by Michael Angelo, taking care however to comment on the "horns" as a fanciful addition of the artist, introduced by him as a symbol of strength, and not implying that the horns had really been there. The various personal traits of the Leader of the Israelites should be dwelt upon, and the children encouraged to give a continuous narrative of his whole life. Contrast the elements of weakness and strength in his career, pointing out what to admire and what not to admire, drawing a very solemn picture of Moses alone on the Mount, viewing from a distance the "Promised Land!"

Memory Verses: *Be strong and of good courage; fear not and the Lord will not fail thee or forsake thee.*

Modern Hinduism.

Your readers know of present-day Hinduism from the pen of the western missionaries. They strain their scant knowledge of it in dyeing it in the blackest color.

To the average western readers it is a hideous relic of barbarism of the most rude age.

Putting aside their ex parte setting, there is also a bright side to show. In the remote past, the religion of the Hindus, like that of the Hebrews, was nature worship.

But Pantheism did not sate their progressive soul. Search from minute into minuter, keen into keener, depths was made.

The missing link was found in Brahm the supreme Jah of the Aryan Hindus.

In the Upanishads—the cream of the Vedic development—he has been depicted as the soul of the universe with a great nicety. If not greatly mistaken, it seems clear that in so remote antiquity no nation came by so rational views of the Logos save and except the Hindus.

When ceremonialism and mysticism veiled the pure and noble religion of the Upanishad, Buddha arose to clear them off. But when Buddhism began to fade in the fourth century after Christ the Stadium reappeared with doubled force.

This stage still lingers on, and the nation has not been able to shake it off after centuries' labor. Why so? Because whoever came to reclaim became subsequently deified.

Thus Nanak, Kabir, Chaityana, all who came to purge off squalor, were, in course of time, themselves apotheosized.

The nature gods have been transmuted into idol gods and besides these many others have been added, with an increase of ritualism and sacerdotalism.

But the religion of the Upanishads is not altogether wiped off. Its monotheistic leaven still circulates through all the veins of the Hindus' present-day idolatry and its orgies.

It has been so confusedly mixed up that it is hardly seen through mists.

All the chief gods and goddesses are daily worshipped in two-fold aspects—higher and lower. Each one is invoked as one Brahm without a second—incorporeal, ineffable, eternal Logos—and at the same breath its iconism is brought in.

Once it is accosted as all-pervading force; and instantly its address is changed to a hideous and sometimes to a beautiful deity. In right soberness, even an uncultured Hindu peasant will own the supremacy of one Brahm, one creator, and one regulator, but he will withal call on the minor deities to bear off earth's ills which environ life or to confer any worldly bliss.

Its objectionable feature is the butchering of lower animals, especially in the annual festival, when their blood flows in torrents in various shrines. Even educated classes do not hesitate to participate in such heart-sickening amusements. But India is a land of strange diversities.

There is another sect which will claim the majority, called Vaishnava, readily sets his face against all animal killing and discards all animal food.

The more advanced division among this class bears more toward ancient monotheism even unto this day and carefully avoids seeing all images.

Sarat Chandra Chakravarti.

Golaghat, India.

In South Georgia.

Mr. B. T. Harper, of Southbridge, Mass., gives the following interesting experience:

"The fact that dogs have a way of communicating news to one another was demonstrated to me in a very singular and amusing fashion about four years ago. It was in South Georgia, where as yet little provision is made for the comfort of domestic animals, where during cold, wind-swept nights, shelterless cows and mules wander about restlessly, where chickens and turkeys roosting on leafless trees fill the sharp air with their plaintive voices, where dogs and other domestic animals must seek their own night quarters as best they can. One of those bitter, cold nights, such as a cold wave often brings, I heard at our front door the unmistakable sounds of scratching and whining, and found upon opening, two of my little neighborhood friends, a pug and little terrier, asking admission to all appearances. In the face of the cruel cold it was granted them, and they were welcome to share the comfortable quarters of my own two dogs. In the morning they took their departure. But how great was my astonishment to see them return the following cold evening accompanied by a large Irish setter, who likewise wagged admission to the warm quarters he seemed to have knowledge of.

"If there were any doubts as to whether these hospitable night lodgings were discussed among the shelterless dogs of the neighborhood, these doubts were removed on the third night when my three tramps returned, their number increased by another pug and an old pointer. The mute but eloquent language of their wagging tails, the humble appeal in their sincere eyes were certainly amusing.

"With my own two pets and these five tramps I had now seven dogs stretched out comfortably before my dining room grate. But with their irreproachable behavior and their many ingratiating ways, they had insured for themselves a welcome at our house as long as the cold spell lasted, which was nearly a week. As soon as the cold subsided they returned no more. Is not this good evidence of the power of communication among our speechless friends?"—*Boston Herald.*

Vision.

What if on silent summer night,
Ere dream should dawn,
I saw her spirit in the light—
As sweet as morn?

My soul's desire would be content—
To have it so,
The sight of eyes with feeling blent,
The view with what I know!

William Brunton.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The habit of prayer keeps our spiritual growth healthy and alive.

MON.—The great sterling duties, such as truth, purity, self-command, form the character for high purposes.

TUES.—Never pass by the clear voice of conscience with its command of duty.

WED.—Love is higher than duty, for it contains duty in itself.

THURS.—This one thing we can give:—hearts that shall never cease to strive.

FRI.—Cheerfulness in service is one of the first requisites.

SAT.—Temptation met, is another chance of filling our souls with the power of Heaven.

—*Frederick Temple.*

By the Home Fireside.

The night hath come and blotted out the world
With all its strife and struggle, all its pain,
But left one rosy spot where fame is naught,
Where only love is counted loss or gain.

Here all our little childish discontents,
The petty trials of a care-filled day,
Grow dim and distant 'neath the bright good cheer,
And, as the melting shadows, fade away.

A blessing be upon the dear home hearth,
A blessing on the evening fireside!
Its humble games, its simple tales oft told,
Its quiet joys let those who will deride.

The world's gay scenes grow dull, men's loud applause
Froths but a moment and is gone, as foam.
The sweetest hours of life are spent beneath
The calm and holy influence of home.

—*St. Nicholas.*

Lorenzo Dow and the Cobbler.

Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric circuit-preacher widely known through New England and the South, eighty years ago, lives in tradition chiefly for his oddities; but he was a man of strong character, who loved his work and loved the souls of men.

His sermons and his ways of doing good were peculiarly his own, but they were often surprisingly effectual—not merely because he was singular, but because he was sincere. An aged lady whose father's large farmhouse was one of Mr. Dow's favorite stopping places in Rhode Island, related some years ago the following story of him from her earliest recollection:

One winter afternoon my father overtook the eccentric preacher on his way to fulfil an engagement and took him into his wagon.

"I am glad to ride," said Dow, "for there is a thaw coming, and one of my boots has sprung a leak."

As they went on my father suggested a way to repair the damage. "A cobbler lives in that little red house yonder," he said. "He is poor, lame, crabbed and cross, but a good workman."

"Just the place for me," said Dow, jumping off and going into the little shop. He sat down silently in front of a few brands smoldering upon the hearth, and, pulling off his boot, handed it to the cobbler. The man looked at the leak and swore.

"I am afraid you are not a Christian, my friend," said Dow, quietly.

"There are no Christians," retorted the cobbler. "There are plenty who pretend to be;" and he waxed his thread with an angry jerk that seemed to emphasize what he said.

"Your room is so cold that your wax is hard. Shall I put more wood on your fire?" said the preacher.

"I work to keep warm," was the shoemaker's curt reply, as he pushed a last into the boot and adjusted his clamp. "I've little enough wood cut, and no one to cut more, and this lame leg won't allow me to do for myself."

Dow removed his long caped cloak, put his bootless foot into an old shoe lying near, and, going to the shed, found an axe and went to work. Before the boot was ready he had split and carried in all the wood in the shed, piled it neatly in a corner, and made a blazing fire of the chips.

When the boot was done he put it on, paid for the work, and, taking his cloak, said, "Thank you, my friend; you have proved yourself 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'"

The reply came this time with real civility: "I'm much obleeged to you. I shouldn't wonder if there was some Christians in the world—and you one of 'em."

"I try to be one; good-by;" and Dow was off, leaving the astonished cobbler saying to himself, "Wal, ef he's tryin' he don't take it all out in talk. He never preached at me so much as a word."

That evening Dow, who often picked up his text on his way to meeting, spoke from the words that had come to him in the shop (2 Tim. 2:15): "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He had a large audience and he preached practical religion to them, enforcing in his original way the truth that everywhere there were poor and unfortunate people for Christians to look after, and this work must be done "if we expect the world to believe in our Christianity."

Dow spent that night with us, and the next morning one of my father's teams left a load of wood at the lame cobbler's door. Passing the shop on his way to his next appointment, Dow looked in and said:

"Good morning, my friend. I would saw this wood for you, but there are duties awaiting me further on. I think there must be Christians enough in this community to look after a useful citizen like you."

Before the cobbler had recovered from his astonishment at being called a "useful citizen" two or three schoolboys came to have little jobs of cobbling done, and while they waited they acted on the hint given by Dow in his sermon and worked at the wood-pile.

From that time little kindnesses done to the cobbler became so common that he quite lost his crabbed temper. His neighbors gave him no use for it.

"Everybody seems to be helping me," he said. "If I'm 'a useful citizen' I ought to be ashamed not to help somebody myself."

The next time Dow came to our neighborhood he was told:

"The cobbler has given up his cider and pipe, he sings hymns instead of foolish songs, and reads the Bible to a blind neighbor."

Dow replied, "'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump'—and a little good example goes a great way."

Whatever Lorenzo Dow's singularities were, he understood the religion of the New Testament. He knew that a Christian is at his best only when he makes himself an object-lesson of his doctrine.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

At the Set of the Sun.

At the set of the sun,
When our work is done,
With all its tangled web;
When the clouds drift low,
And the stream runs slow,
And life is at its ebb;

As we near the goal,
When the golden bowl
Shall be broken at its fount;
With what sweetest thought
Shall the hour be fraught,
What precious most shall we count?

Not the flame of the sword,
Nor the wealth we have stored
In perishable things of earth—
Not the way we have trod
With the intellect broad,
Though that were of precious worth;

Nor the gain we achieved
Through the hearts we have grieved,
And left unhelped by the way;
Nor the laurel of fame,
When, for worldly acclaim,
We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 'tis not these
Will give our hearts ease
When life sinks low in the west,
But the passing sweet thought
Of the good we have wrought,
The saddened lives we have blest.

And the love we have won,
And the love beckoning on
From His islands far and dim;
Love out of the light,
Shining into the night,
The night which leadeth to Him.

—*Boston Transcript.*

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.—The Rev. B. Fay Mills' ministry at this place is so successful that the parish has called to his assistance the Rev. George W. Fuller of Spencer, Mass.

BOSTON.—The "Young Men's Christian Union" recently celebrated its fifty-first anniversary, and the ever youthful and irrepressible Wm. H. Baldwin entered upon the thirty-fifth year of his presidency. Here has been a center of hospitality and liberality, of life and usefulness for half a century. Widen these doors and enlarge its halls so that children and women will be as welcome and as much at home as their grown-up brothers and fathers now feel. Put into the center of it not only a free platform, such as it now has, but a great pulpit from which prophetic utterances may be weekly expected, and you have that coming church, that great people's cathedral UNITY is pleading for and so many people are dreaming of. Something like this is the "Center" of hopefulness and usefulness of trust and service that every town needs.

BOSTON. Edwin D. Mead is giving a course of lectures to teachers in the Old South Meeting House, Boston, on the "Men Who Have Worked to Organize the World." The following are the attractive titles:

"The titles are "Dante's Dream of a Universal Empire," "Henry the Fourth and the 'Great Design,'" "Hugo Grotius and the 'Rights of War and Peace,'" "William Penn's Plan for the Peace of Europe," "Immanuel Kant's 'Eternal Peace,'" "Charles Sumner and 'The True Grandeur of Nations,'" and "The Peace Conference at The Hague." We wish Mr. Mead might be heard on these subjects in every city in the United States.

Foreign Notes.

SOCIALISM IN EUROPE.—*Le Signal de Genève* reports approximately as follows the parting discourse of M. Jaurès, the well-known French socialist, at the close of his recent visit to Geneva. After urging all French workmen resident in that city to follow the example of their German and Italian comrades and organize their forces, M. Jaurès continued:

The aim of all the socialists is to broaden political and social democracy. Universal suffrage has won the day throughout nearly the whole of Europe. The time has gone by when political sovereignty belonged to an oligarchy of taxpayers. What is this but saying that to-day political power has assumed a collective form? But, while the collectivism of political power has thus been realized, in the economical realm, on the contrary, systematic oppression still continues. The factory laws, etc., are made by the oligarchy in possession. The means of production must become the property of the community, and the workers organize to elect their own directors of labor as they already elect the heads of the civil administration; this will be social democracy.

The task of socialism in all the countries of Europe is a double one: socialism organizes the proletariat, and, secondly, it should strengthen and defend political democracy wherever that is in danger. Alluding to the troubles in Spain, M. Jaurès attributed them to the middle class, which has not yet given the country universal suffrage in any true sense, what passes for such down there being only a delusion and a snare.

In that serious crisis in France, when truth was overwhelmed by falsehood, and there were only a chosen few to face anti-semitism, nationalism, clericalism and militarism unrestrained, it is to the undying honor of the French proletariat that it ranged itself on the side of the defenders of right and justice. (Prolonged applause.)

Alongside the defense of political rights, what is at present the task of the conscious proletariat in Europe? To M. Jaurès it seems fourfold:

1. The regulation of the working day. This gains ground little by little. Proletarians have adopted the judicious method of successive approximations to their ideal, and content themselves provisionally with what is granted. Within two years the ten-hour day will be an accomplished fact in all mixed establishments and the Chamber has just adopted the eight-hour day for minors, to go into effect after four years.

2. The securing of life and accident insurance. In all countries these laws have met with more or less opposition on the part of the working classes, because of the fear that the assessments on wages might prove too heavy for the working people, but this uneasiness is diminishing day by day.

3. The investing of municipalities with the right to administer certain forms of public service. The proletariat ought not to allow capitalists to gain possession of all motor power as it already has of mines and railroads.

4. The effort to insure peace between the nations. More and more wars between nations resemble civil, fratricidal wars, because more and more the peoples are coming to regard each other as brothers of one family. On the other hand, it is clear that the stirring up of bellicose and aggressive chauvinism has become a means of diversion. So long as heads remain clear and hearts are not torn by chauvinistic passions, proletarians understand that want and ignorance are their only enemies. To bewilder them, it is sought to intoxicate them with battle cries, and thus stupefied they no longer hear the cry of justice underneath the blare of the trumpets. For this reason we declare war against war. Periodical disarmament conferences should be demanded. The millions needed for the support of militarism are a frightful charge on the people. To-day the talk everywhere is of customs tariffs and protection. The best protection for old Europe would be to drop this burden of war, to form the United States of Europe, alone capable of making head against the United States of America, where militarism does not create a yawning gulf in the public finances.

In pursuing these great objects, socialism will not work for one class alone, but for society as a whole. Socialism will prove the salvation of Europe and of humanity, the realization of one great human family.

As the editor of *Le Signal* very justly observes, the four great aims advocated by the French speaker are not peculiar to socialism. They find many ardent supporters among the thoughtful and progressive of all parties and all lands.

M. E. H.

Correspondence.

"Common Sense in the Temperance Reform."

Will you do me the favor to refer me to the latest common-sense view of the temperance question? I believe strongly in temperance, but feel that it must come not through legal enactments for prohibition, but through education, shorter hours for labor, better conditions in the home, etc., etc. I should like to know how the South Carolina system works, and anything else on the subject. Very truly yours,

THE REPLY.

The Houghton-Mifflin house is publishing a series of books on the "Liquor Problem," prepared under the auspices of a committee of fifty of the right kind of men. Three books are already out, viz:

1. The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects.
2. Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem.
3. Substitute for the Saloon.

The last one, recently issued, is the one most to your need. At the close of this book there is a short bibliography that answers your question directly. In this bibliography you will notice that seven or eight of the more promising titles are of official documents, issued by national, state and other commissions, bureaus, etc. These can be had, if at all, for the postage and the asking. "Inebriety, its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment and Jurisprudence," by Norman Kerr, M. D., London, is not a late book, but I think it is still the fullest and most encyclopedic work on the subject from the medical standpoint, and is a book well worthy of a careful study. My copy is that of the third edition, 1894, bearing the imprint of J. Selwin Tait & Sons, Publishers, New York. It was then a $3.50 book.

The three volumes mentioned above will put you in the way of the latest and best information on this vast, pressing, always inevitable and threatening evil.

I am glad you are taking up this subject, than which there is none more important. After taking counsel of all the science, prudence, economics, proprieties and the society graces, I am driven back to the old Biblical conclusion that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and in personal practice I deem that the only permanently ethical course of conduct is that of *total abstinence*, if for no other reason than for the Pauline reason of "Noblesse oblige."

"If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

You ask for "the latest common sense view." Certainly one safe conclusion of common sense is that it is a problem which the favored, the intelligent, the, if you please, "upper classes," men and women, must take up. I have more respect for the old short-cut methods of the crusading women who prayed in the streets, and the old-fashioned pledge-taking vehemence of the "temperance reformers" than I have with the indolent dilettantism of the perfumed club members, male and female, who smile at the crudities of the old temperance agitators while they themselves toy with their cut-glass wine glasses, or even bottled beer, if the service be dainty enough, notwithstanding the fact that they are confronted daily by personal experience and observation with abundant evidence that the "biting serpent and the stinging adder" lie coiled in the bottom of their cups. Oh, I am driven almost to dismay when I am confronted by the statistics and personal observation that prove the rapidly growing indulgence and the attendant ethical indifference in the direction of polite drinking and genteel smoking among men and women (for the encroachment of the cigarette "among the ladies" is an indusputable fact), and I am greatly cheered by such letters as yours. When women, occupying the moral, social and intellectual vantage ground which you occupy, will take hold of this problem at the *near end, begin at home* and work outward, the tide will turn as turn it must, and bring the day of true refinement, sober pleasures, and high social intercourse, which is possible only to the men and women who live on such hygienic lines physically and spiritually that all stimulants and narcotics will be avoided as coarse and unnecessary. I shall be glad to know of the results of your investigation and the practical outcome of the same.

While writing the above, I find myself thinking of you as a representative of a large class of women. So, hoping that I am right, and that others of this class may find this letter an answer to the question which they are also asking, I take the liberty of printing your letter and this answer in the columns of UNITY.

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J. Ll. J.

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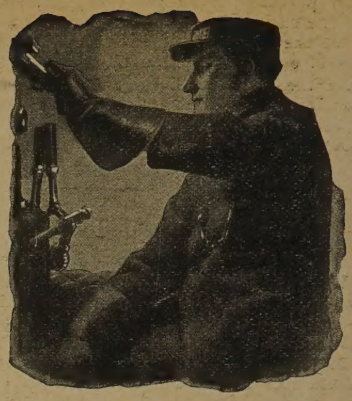

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